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THE FIRST SHOT AT FORT SUMTER,

(Extract from the unpublished Diary of Edmund Ruffin.)

April 6th (1861).—It had been rumored and believed generally, as for each of some days earlier, that this day the supplies of provisions, and all communications of Major Anderson and Fort Sumter were to be cut off. But provisions were again allowed to be received this morning, as usual, and the suspension is again to be certain to be made to-morrow. I trust it may be so. There were reasons for delay until recently. The batteries were not completed until two or three days ago. Then, the troops were to be well supplied with provisions, lest Anderson should also cut off their communications. Besides these particular reasons for delay, there was and is the greatest reluctance to take the first step in real hostilities, and which would subject the South to the charge abroad of beginning or provoking war and bloodshed. But it is now generally thought by the people and the troops that there has been enough of delay and forbearance for every purpose, and that the mere occupation of Fort Sumter by a foreign force is an obvious act of offensive war that should no longer be permitted. The volunteers who compose nearly all the army in service, privates as well as officers, are men of respectable positions, who have left, in the greater number of cases, either good property or good business employment, comfortable homes, and families, to undergo, and cheerfully they have done it, all the hardships and privations of camp duties. There are many among the private soldiers who possess great wealth or high position, and every desired luxury at home—and numerous

sons of such fathers. In one case, the owner of numerous slaves has had a large number of them employed in constructing the earth-works, at his entire expense, and he not only directing their labors, but laboring himself as diligently as any of his slaves. In another case, a general of volunteer cavalry (at home) is serving as a private volunteer of infantry, because there was no call for his own command, or for his own branch of the service. Such men, and all who are in service, came to defend South Carolina and to fight—and while such service was in near prospect, they disregarded all hardships or personal considerations. But as it has latterly seemed the enduring policy of the government at Montgomery to wait, and to make no attempt to coerce the surrender of the hostile garrison of Fort Sumter, and that the suspense may yet continue for weeks, or until the malaria season begins (which will begin on Morris' Island in May), the troops and citizens are becoming feverishly impatient for the reduction of Fort Sumter, and for the end of the present necessity of retaining the besieging forces. The papers to-day present continued statements or rumors of the busy fitting out of war vessels, and preparing troops for warlike operations in the Northern ports. Everything seems to indicate some new and serious attempt to strike an unlooked-for blow on the C. S., either reinforcing the blockaded forts, or (as also rumored) to blockade the Mississippi river. I wish with all my heart (but do not have any such expectation), that Lincoln would send a strong squadron to force the passage and attack the defences of Charleston. I think that any such attack would be repelled, and the making it, and the immediate consequences, would soon bring Virginia and other delaying States into the Southern Confederacy. I am wearied, pained and mortified, by having to answer questions asked of me every day and almost every hour, by acquaintances and even strangers, as to the condition and designed action of Virginia, and the causes of her failure to unite with the South in defence of her own as well as the common rights, against the wrongs and insults from the North. The people of South Carolina have been schooled and in training for thirty years in their political doctrines—and they cannot realize, or

conceive, the true state of public sentiment in Virginia (and which was general until of late), of blind veneration for the "Union," and of as blind enthralment of the people to their leading politicians and demagogues, who were nearly all seeking for office from the Federal government, and therefore were its corrupt tools.

April 7th, Sunday.—The seventh cloudy and cold and the second rainy day. News that a revolutionary movement has been made in New Mexico, and that the people of that territory as well as of Arizona, have declared for adhering to the C. S. I am glad for their disposition, but sorry for the act. These thinly settled and very remote territories can give no aid to, and will require protection from the C. S. Telegraphic reports that war steamers have been dispatched from Boston and New York, with 1,800 soldiers to the South, but destination unknown. Some suppose to blockade the mouth of the Mississippi, others to make war in Texas, in aid of its late (deposed) Governor, S. Houston, the traitor—and I think, it more probable, to reinforce Fort Pickens. I wish the squadron, even if twice as strong, would attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter. But that is very unlikely. But upon other grounds, fighting may still sooner occur here—and every preparation has been made, and orders given for all the troops and also the city companies now at home, to be ready under arms in the shortest possible time after hearing the alarm and call to arms sounded by the great bell of St. Michael's church. The ground is, that the previous supplies of provisions allowed to be sent to Fort Sumter, have been at last stopped, and also all other communications between the post and the outer world. Of this Major Anderson was notified this forenoon. It remains to be seen whether he will submit to the restriction, without retaliation, or that he will also, by his cannon interrupt all communications between the besieging fortifications and the city, and the passage of vessels to and from sea. If he takes the former course, he will soon be starved out. If the latter, he will begin upon war, before the morrow night, and draw upon Fort Sumter the fire of the batteries around. It is very generally the wish of the citizen, and universally of the

troops in service, that he may so choose, and thus begin open hostilities.

April 8th.—The eighth cloudy and cold day, and for all the afternoon and part of the morning, also the third rainy day. I went early after breakfast to the Citadel, and obtained from the commander the loan of a light musket, used by the cadets, with all the appertinent accoutrements and ammunition—which I had placed at Lawton's counting house near the wharf, where I could obtain it in case of need—which however I have no expectation of. The regular passage steamer was to make its daily visit to the Forts, to convey supplies, munitions and military passengers, at 10 A. M. It would be the earliest vessel passing near to Fort Sumter—and I suppose would be certainly fired at, to compel its stopping, if such course is designed by Major Anderson. On this account, I was desirous to be on board, and went, though not expecting to be permitted to leave the vessel at any of the batteries, as all previous passes and permission had been revoked. Capt. Jones, of the regular army, was the only officer on board—with some dozen privates, and a few civilians. I suggested to Capt. Jones that the steamer ought not to stop, if fired at, whether with powder only, or with balls—and that he ought to assume the direction. He readily concurred, after ascertaining that the captain of the steamer had no orders how to act, in case of being fired upon. He also was very willing to push on, and not regard any firing on the steamer, unless it shall be disabled from proceeding. After leaving the wharf at Fort Johnson, the first stopping place, our steamer had to run around three-fourths of the circuit of Fort Sumter. When approaching within half a mile, of the outer angle, where the distance would be least, we saw through glasses that men on the rampart at that point were loading a cannon. Our course was within 500 to 600 yards of that point (and returning, within 300 to 400), but there was no further hostile exhibitions. On this trial, I am confident that Anderson will not attempt to interrupt our communications. I wish that he would, and that he would have made the first attempt on this steamer. For I do not think that there would have been

much danger to passengers—and if one had been killed, or wounded, the act would have been the best possible for the cause of secession, and the bringing in Virginia and other waiting States. I greatly coveted the distinction and *éclat* which I might have acquired if the steamer had been fired upon, and we had refused to yield, and I deemed the danger to be incurred as very trifling. Learned that the mail communications of the garrison of Fort Sumter have not been interrupted. A boat, with flag of truce, left the fort for Fort Johnson, when the mail was left, as we returned from the latter. At night arrived, from Washington, Capt. Talbot, who was in service at Fort Sumter until recently, when he was permitted, very improperly as I think, to leave, and go on to Washington, on the pretence that he was ordered to Oregon. His now coming back, and desiring to visit Anderson, proves that he left and has returned to convey secret information in both cases. He saw the governor, who lodges here, and also Talbot stopped here. After his interviews with the governor and the general, sundry citizens, viewing Talbot as a privileged spy, determined that he should be politely ordered to return northward to-night, at 11 o'clock. Subsequently, I learned that the same order had been previously given by the governor. After I had retired to my room, Ex-Gov. J. B. Richardson came there to inform me of the latest reports just learned from the Governor, which are so important that I will note them, though partly uncertain. First—Capt. Talbot brought a message from Lincoln's government, that supplies had been sent to Fort Sumter, which if there landed without opposition, would be all. But if resisted by force, hostile measures would be used to take the batteries and defeat the Southern besieging army. Other reports have also reached the Governor to-night, and which he relies upon in the main, that a squadron of U. S. vessels (said to be as many as 20) were to-night in or off Bull's Bay, on the way to the harbor of Charleston. As, of course, every resistance will be made by our forces, an attack on our fortifications, by sea and land forces is looked for to-morrow. It is supposed that the land forces will land on Morris's Island

and assail the batteries in the rear. I will endeavor to get there early to-morrow. On account of the warlike preparations in Northern parts, as stated lately in the newspapers, three more regiments had been called into service. One, of this city, will pass over to Morris' Island to-night. Two others, from the upper country, will be here late to-morrow, or next day. I feel great confidence in the batteries repelling any vessels of war that may enter the harbor, even with Fort Sumter to aid them. But the attack, by land forces, of our raw though brave volunteers, in the rear of the works, is much more dangerous. The people of the city greatly excited. After 11 P. M., and when a previous long and heavy rain had just slackened, seven cannon reports were fired in the city, to call immediately to parade, for embarkation, the 17th regiment of city volunteers. This was done, and the main shipment made in the night.

April 9th.—I rose at daybreak, and soon after, paid my bill, and with a small carpet bag only, I went to the wharf, but found the first steamer had gone, and the second, for Morris' Island, would not leave before the regular hour of 10 A. M. No appearance or reports of the enemy's threatened invasion, nor of assault on Fort Sumter, which I think ought not now to be delayed another hour. If anything was before wanting, the intention of Lincoln, as explicitly notified through Talbot, is declared to be of forcible reinforcement—and the forces for the purpose are on the way. We ought to settle with Fort Sumter before another enemy shall be endeavoring to force the passage of the harbor, and to destroy our batteries, by troops being landed below to assail them in the rear. Obtained my musket and accoutrement, and at 10 embarked, with many volunteers who could not go by the previous night's passage. My going on this occasion was made so much of, and I was accosted by so many individuals, mostly unknown to me, with words of high praise and compliment, that I felt ashamed of such exaggerated commendation for my very small effort or sacrifice. The like general course was continued after my landing. Owing to the surf running high, the disembarkation was protracted, and a

great crowd of previously resident volunteers was assembled at the landing. When I reached the shore, Capt. Cuthbert (of the Palmetto Guard and the Iron Battery) called out for "three cheers for Mr. Ruffin," which were given loudly, and which I acknowledged by taking off my hat, and bowing in silence. I was immediately accosted by Capt. Cuthbert, Major Stevens and Capt. Thomas of the Military Academy, and sundry other officers, and invited by several to attach myself more particularly to their respective companies. Capt. Cuthbert also invited me to dine with him, which I did with his mess, a pleasant party. For the companionship and association, I would be glad to remain with the Palmetto Guard, who have charge of the Iron Battery and the adjoining Point Battery, under the command of Major Stevens, who formerly pointed the cannon that were fired on the "Star of the West." But if fighting should occur, I could do nothing with an artillery force—as only with a musket—and moreover, if ever so usefully employed in one of these batteries, I could see no more of the engagement outside, than if I was in a cellar in Charleston. So I will make no engagement or connexion—but wait for developments, should any attack be made. I had designed to attach myself to the company of Abbeville volunteer infantry. But that, with the whole regiment, has just been moved from this neighborhood to the waterside, some three or four miles lower, where land forces from the fleet would be most likely to be landed. I would not like to be now quartered so far from Fort Sumter and the rear batteries, unless knowing that an attack would be begun farther off. Maxey Gregs, the commander of this post, invited me to pass the night at his quarters, which I accepted. Slept in a small tent close by (in preferment to the Colonel's offer of his own bed in the house) on a pallet vacated by Adjutant Ferguson (a late cadet, and son of Col. James Ferguson), where I slept soundly, open as the tent was, at the door, to the cold outer air.

April 10th.—As nothing has been heard of the arrival of any attacking force, to this morning, the latest report must have been false as to a squadron of ships being off the harbor. The

strong adverse wind, and low tides, would have forbidden an attempt of hostile vessels to force a passage. But the guard steamers (which every day go out to sea, and return to the lower harbor at night,) would have seen the hostile vessels if anywhere near. Either they were not there, or they have gone on to Pensacola or Texas, both of which are better points for attack than this. I now believe that even Lincoln's late declaration that he would either supply or forcibly reinforce Fort Sumter, was but another of the government lies for systematic deception. As before invited, I to-day took my quarters in the tent occupied by Major Stevens, Capt. Thomas, Lieut. Armstrong (all officers of the Citadel Academy), and Commissary (private) Holmes, and Clement Stevens, Esq., also, as there was no infantry force near Cumming's Point, and our tent, I concluded to accept the invitation of Capt. Cuthbert, urged on me as soon as I landed yesterday, to join his rifle company, acting as artillery, the "Palmetto Guard" of Charleston. I wrote my offer, to avoid any mistake. My letter to the captain, and conditions, were referred to the company, and I was admitted with great enthusiasm. I offer to serve merely in actual military operations, and to join infantry forces, if such are engaged, and also to leave when the present danger of attack on us is over, as the expectation of our awaiting Fort Sumter. Previously (last night) I had been elected as honorary member of the "Marion Artillery," another company from Charleston, whose tents are close by ours.

High tide makes to-day at 7 A. M. and near 8 P. M. With the still adverse wind, no hostile fleet can attempt to come in except at near high water. Reports still coming from New York indicating great activity and efficiency in fitting out and sending out armed vessels and troops (with sealed orders), and in Charleston an attack on our fortifications is generally believed to be close at hand. The officers here were warned by Gen. Beauregard, this evening, that he thought it very probable that the attacking force would reach us during the coming night. Still I am incredulous. Among the measures of precaution, three old vessels were anchored at intervals along the channel below Fort

Sumter. These were filled with combustibles, and men left to guard them. Bright lights were kept on them, and if the enemy's vessels should attempt to pass, the illuminating materials and the vessels were to be set on fire, to light the neighboring water.

April 11th.—Excitement increases hourly. To myself and others not in authority, or in the secrets of the high authorities, every hour passed before attacking Fort Sumter seems a loss of precious time and opportunity. If, as is threatened strongly, armed ships and soldiers are on their way to reinforce Fort Sumter, and as necessary means to attack these troops, it seems that we ought certainly to assail the port, and take it first, if possible, before we have to meet another enemy, of armed vessels forcing their way up the harbor, and perhaps land forces landed and assailing our entrenchments, and their garrisons in the rear and we landing at the same time to engage Fort Sumter. I had thought that the assault of this Fort ought to have been begun the morning after Lincoln's intended forcible reinforcement was declared by his messenger Lieut. Talbot, and as early as a peremptory summons for surrender could have been sent to Major Anderson, and his negative answer received. So confident was I of the necessity of the course, and its being pursued, that I *tried* to set out for Morris' Island before sunrise on the 9th, fearing that the assault would be made, and the communication cut off, before the passage of the regular steamer at 10 A. M. But through disappointed before, it seemed to-day that the thing would be done. A boat with a messenger bearing a flag of truce was sent by Gen. Beauregard to Major Anderson, demanding his surrender—to which demand a refusal was returned. It was announced on the return of the officer to Charleston, and soon reached us here, that the cannonading of Fort Sumter was to be begun that night at 8 o'clock. Our company, the Palmetto Guard, which has charge of both the Point Battery and the Iron Battery, at Cumming's Point nearest (from 1,250 to 1,300 yards) to Fort Sumter, were paraded by 6, and marched from our tents to these batteries, about one-third of a mile, and within 50 to 100 yards

of high water mark. I went with them, with my musket and accoutrements. The regular members, though acting as artillery, have also rifles. The iron battery has 3 Columbiads to throw 64 pound solid shot or shells, 2 cannon, 42 pounders, and a new rifle cannon, just received and placed, which will carry 12 pound elongated shot, with great accuracy. We had our duties assigned and arranged (mine being voluntary), and we remained at the guns until 8 P. M. Our captain fully expected that the fight would then begin. But at that time, when all our men were in anxious expectation and great excitement, we were discharged to return to our quarters. Still, later orders received indicated as almost certain that the first fight would be begun next morning before daybreak. With such expectation, I prepared for a very hasty movement, and took off (as the previous night) only my coat and shoes, and go to bed. A mattress and two large and thick blankets, a small cheese and a supply of crackers, which I had written for, had been received to-day (*a*).

12th, before 4 A. M.—The drums beat for parade, and our company was speedily on the march to the batteries, which they were to man. At 4:30 a signal shell was thrown from a mortar battery at Fort Johnson, which had been before ordered to be taken as the command for immediate attack—and the firing from all the batteries on Fort Sumter next began in the order arranged—which was that the discharges should be two minutes apart, and the round of all the pieces and batteries to be completed in 32 minutes, and then to begin again. The night before, when expecting to engage, Capt. Cuthbert had notified me that his company requested of me to discharge the first cannon to be fired, which was their 64 pound Columbiad, loaded with shell (*b*). Of course I was highly gratified by the command, and delighted to perform the service—which I did. The shell struck the fort at the northeast angle of the parapet. The firing then proceeded, as stated, from 14 different batteries, including Fort Moultrie and the floating battery, which had been placed for this purpose in the cove, back of Sullivan's Island. Most of both shot and shells, at first missed the fort. But many struck, and the pro-

portion of effective balls and shells increased with the practice. To all this firing, not a gun was fired in return, for two hours or more—and I was fearful that Major Anderson, relying on the security of his men in the covered casements, proof against shells, and in the strength of the walls against breaching by balls—and in the impossibility of successful storming of the strong fortress, surrounded by water, did not intend to fire at all. It would have cheapened our conquest of the fort, if effected, if no hostile defence had been made—and still more increased the disgrace of failure. So it was gratifying to all of us when Major Anderson opened his fire. He seemed to distribute his shot mostly between our two batteries, Fort Moultrie and the floating battery. Through the forenoon he fired mostly at our two batteries, and especially at the Point—and with 42 pound round shot, if all were like a few that we then recovered. But later in the day (about noon) he directed most of his fire on Fort Moultrie—and for an hour before closing his firing at night, he did not send a shot to our side. A battery (the Trapper) of three large mortars next below or eastward of our iron battery, fired regularly and well, but received but few of Anderson's balls, compared to others (*c*). By noon it was reported that the expected war steamers and transports from the North had arrived below the bar. Three steamers could then be seen there from our batteries. Two of these were supposed to be recognized as the war steamers "Pawnee" and "Harriet Lane." The other, a large steamer, provided with very large boats, was supposed to be for transporting and launching soldiers. Their position was about six miles from our channel batteries. I saw the flag at Fort Sumter lowered about half way, and then raised again—which probably was a signal of recognition, if not something more, of the war steamers, which were in sight of the fort. His being attacked and in immediate peril, offered the strongest inducement for the steamers to attempt to reach and succor Fort Sumter immediately—or if unable then, certainly the next night—or to land troops in our rear. One or the other we thought very probable, and every man looked for such results.

In comparing the effects of the opposite firing, so far as known, the advantage was much in our favor. It was thought that two, if not three, of the *barbette* guns of Fort Sumter had been dismounted by our balls. Some five or six chimneys of the houses in the fort had been knocked down. What damage had been done by our shells which fell within the walls, or exploded over the fort, we had no means for knowing. But though many of our balls had struck the fort, and in every case penetrated the walls far enough to dislodge a quantity of bricks or smaller fragments, and to throw off clouds of dust, and though these spots were sprinkled thickly over the walls, there was no breach made, and the garrison might perhaps resist such canonading for a week. On our side the enemy's balls had done scarcely any damage. Though most of them were in good direction, and missed our parapet (of the Point battery) by very little, striking in the marsh in our rear at distances from 300 to less than 50 yards from the rear of the battery—still much the greater number did so pass over the parapet of sand bags, and none struck the defences until late in the day. These balls buried in the sand, without the least damage. More balls struck the iron battery—some nine or ten. But they glanced off from the greatly inclined iron roof, in most cases without doing any harm, and without making much mark. One only, which struck the cover of a port-hole, and which to be lifted and closed, was necessarily made of much thinner iron than the doubled railroad iron bars of the solid roof, was considerably indentated, and the hinges of the trap-door broken. This damage was subsequently repaired, so as to resume the use of that port-hole and cannon. Not a man has yet been killed or struck. The discharges of cannon directed against our batteries could always be seen by the flame of the explosion, and the notice being given by one on the watch, all the garrison of the land works could stoop low enough, or otherwise get behind defences, so as to be perfectly safe. The man working the cannon, and in the line of the open embrasures, only were necessarily exposed for a short time. After seeing the flash of the discharge, some four or six seconds of time were

required for the balls to reach our positions, which, with notice called out, was ample time for the men to occupy safe postures or positions. After my firing the first gun in the iron battery, it was my assumed duty with consent of Capt. Cuthbert and Lieut. Armstrong, to perform this service, of looking over the parapet of the Point battery, to watch the striking of the balls and shells sent from it, and to call out the accuracy or defect of direction and effect—and to give notice of the coming balls. This was service essential to be performed by some one. But there were others of the unemployed soldiers (for the time), who afterwards stood with me to indulge their curiosity, which caused Col. De Saussure, about 1 o'clock, to order all of us down, lest we should attract the notice and fire of Major Anderson. So I lost my post for the remainder of the day—and soon after (as it was necessary to be performed) found another person, Mr. Buist, had been requested by an officer, and was acting in that capacity. So, for the remainder of the afternoon, I merely endeavored, in other places than looking over the parapet, to watch the effect of the balls and shells fired at Fort Sumter. Also, by invitation of the officers, or of the gunners, I fired off several other guns and mortars after they had been pointed. The last this day were the three 10-inch mortars in the Trapier battery next below our iron batteries, which (together with the next adjacent howitzer battery), was manned by the Marion Artillery. The day was cloudy, and with several transient slow rains. Soon after dark, there was a very heavy rain, which ceased in half an hour. After midday the order had been given to reduce by half the previous quickness of firing, or to four minutes between every two discharges. The firing from Fort Sumter was entirely suspended an hour before dark. The mortars only continued to fire throughout the night, but so slowly that there was only one discharge from the whole once in twenty minutes. After dark I went out of our tent to observe the appearance of the shells in their luminous course, as seen in the night. A line of light shows along the whole curve of its course, preceded by the brilliant explosion of the discharge of the shell

from the mortar, and another made by the final bursting of the shell. Before this, I had gone to bed (in our tent on the camp ground) at 7 P. M., in the hope of getting some sleep early—but could not sleep, and arose and went out. Met sundry other persons also looking out, and trying, in vain, by aid of the transient illuminations by the faint sheet lightning to see the positions and movements of the enemy's war steamers. After again getting to bed, and to sleep, I was roused by hearing the irregular firing of cannon, quite near, and of small arms in quick succession. I hastily struck a light, and putting on the few articles of clothing I had thrown off, and my arms, I went out, thinking that the enemy from the ships had certainly landed, or were trying in the great darkness to pass in boats up the channel. On reaching the water's edge, a shell from the 64 pound howitzer battery passed not far off, making a straight streak of light down the channel. But I soon learned that it was a false alarm, caused by some drunken Irishmen in a boat, who, when hailed, would neither stop nor reply properly. So the boat was supposed to be one of those expected from the steamers, and was fired upon not only by numerous muskets, but caused the heavy howitzers to throw their shells at random down the supposed track of the passage of the boats. Whether the boat with its drunken crew was ever struck or not, no one then knew. The wind was high, and the night very dark, and the tide, which had risen unusually high, was falling after 9 or 10 P. M., so that no steamers could have ventured in. And the very heavy surf would have made landing from boats very difficult, though not hazardous to life. (*d*)

April 13th.—At daybreak, I arose, and hurried, with our company, to man our batteries and resume the slow cannonade and bombarding as during yesterday—which was done from every battery. As on yesterday, there was no return from Fort Sumter until nearly 7 A. M., when Anderson recommenced his fire, but directed it exclusively to Sullivan's Island and thence to Fort Moultrie and the Floating Battery. I had resumed, with consent of Lieut. Armstrong, my previous service of watching

from the parapet the effect of our balls and shells, and to give notice of firing on us, if there had been any. It had been a disputed question whether Major Anderson had or had not a mortar—or shells, which even if having no mortar, he could throw from his one 10-inch Columbiad. It was supposed that he had shells, and the means for using them, but reserved them for more important service, when the war steamers should attempt to force their passage to reinforce or otherwise assist him. So we derived no assurance on this head from his having so far omitted, (as then generally supposed) to fire shells. We had some hope that his only Columbiad had been dismounted. He had fired some guns from the ramparts (placed *en barbette*) yesterday forenoon, but having ceased to do so, we supposed that he found the service too great an exposure for his weak garrison of some 70 soldiers. On account of their small number, it was not only important to prevent any being killed or disabled, but also to save them as much as possible from fatigue. For opposite reasons, we were trying to wear them down by want of opportunity for sleep and rest, as they were safe from cannon balls behind their thick walls, and from exploding shells, when under their bomb-proof casemates. If he could not hurt us (unless by shells, which if used, would be most destructive in our perfectly open earth-work batteries), his men were equally safe from us, so long as protected by the walls and casements. As no more balls were fired on our batteries from the three lower (or casemate) cannon used for that purpose yesterday, we began to hope that all three of these guns had been dismounted, or otherwise that the men, when engaged there in firing, were too much exposed to our shot. Two of the three port-holes looked as if enlarged by entering balls. The fire of Major Anderson was continued, as on yesterday, but confined entirely to Fort Moultrie and the floating battery, and principally on the fort. This preference was interpreted in different ways. Capt. Stephen D. Lee, formerly in the U. S. A. and well acquainted with the places, thought that Anderson was trying to fire into and blow up the powder magazine, which formerly was very

much exposed, and especially to the fire from Fort Sumter. Our commander, Major Stevens, thought that Anderson was aiming to cripple Fort Moultrie, so that it could not prevent the passage of the war vessels now nearby to reinforce Fort Sumter. Things so continued, and our shots and shells being more and more accurately aimed until about 8 A. M., when a new incident occurred. A shell from one of the mortars (No. 3) of the Point battery was seen to fall in the fort, near its western extremity. The smoke that succeeded continued longer than usual from the mere bursting of a shell, and afterwards increased. Some time after flame was seen, and we knew that a roof was on fire. But all the houses were of brick, with slate roofs, and we feared that the progress of burning would be slow, and easily checked. To prevent this, every battery, without any order from abroad, and as from one impulse, abandoned the prescribed and very slow rate of firing, and began to throw shot or shells as fast as the pieces of artillery could be worked and well aimed—and ours, if not others, were especially directed, at first, to the flames of the burning house. The canonade became rapid and of tremendous effect for the object in view. The wind blew strong from the west, where the fire broke out, and a volume of dense black smoke spread across the fort through which the lurid flames could at first be but partly and irregularly visible. The spectacle, and especially with increase of the rising flames, was of intense interest. In the impending consequences it was of still more interest and important. Never did I feel such anxiety for a doubtful effect, or such excitement—in which all on our side fully participated. The hail of balls and shells kept pouring upon or within the fort, would have prevented the exertions which might have been otherwise made to put out the flames. The fire rose more and more, until the general destruction of the buildings was almost certain. At the first showing of the flame, and our men being notified of the fact that the fort was on fire, a general shout was made—and in like manner were indicated their joy and exultation at each successful renewal and violent increase of the work of destruction. The fire gradually

passed across the whole breadth of the fort, from west to east, along the row of barracks, and at right angles to our position. But as the first part subsided, for want of more fuel, it was seen that the burning had been only of the row of houses of one (the southern) side of the area, and that buildings on the other side (as I supposed) had escaped, and might still escape. Presently we heard sounds like the successive and irregular firing of numerous muskets, and also of cannon—and saw jets of white smoke, the manifest result of burning gunpowder, shooting out of and strongly contrasting with the black smoke of burning wood, and especially of resinous pine timbers. Sometimes, bright flames shot up above the smoke, the evident results of explosion of confined gunpowder. It was manifest that the flames, or heat, had reached a magazine of loaded shells and hand grenades. This settled the before disputed question as to whether the fort contained shells, and also settled all dread of their being used against us, by their present destruction. Some time after, the flames, or heat, fired another small magazine (probably of cartridges), from which a high and broad sheet of flame shot up from the eastern side of the interior of the fort, followed by much white smoke. The very rapid firing by the besiegers was kept up for an hour or more, and until the flames had swept over so much of the buildings as that their general destruction was inevitable. Then the firing was slackened to its previous rate, or nearly so. From time to time, however, all the pieces of our two batteries were fired, and in volleys of each set. Thus, the three Columbiads (and now loaded with shell every time) were discharged in quick succession—at another time in like manner the three 10-inch mortars of the Point, and the two 42 pounders at another time. The rifle cannon has been silent since yesterday afternoon, for want of more of its peculiar ammunition. After the conflagration had swept over the range of building on the rear side of the fort, fire again rose seemingly where it had first begun, and flames soon after burst out of the roof of the western building which had remained unhurt before, and later spread to the detached one on the east. The only remaining

buildings were consumed, and it seemed, to our outside view and inferences, that the whole area of the fort must have been so hot and full of suffocating smoke, as to be intolerable to the garrison. And there was another danger imminent of far more awful character. The principal powder magazine was known to be under the angle of the fort nearest to us. It was certainly well supplied with powder, and however well secured from approach of fire, it could scarcely escape when flames were passing over, besides all the explosions of shells. I looked on, with my feelings of joy and exultation at our now certain prospect of speedy success mixed with awe and horror at the danger of this terrible calamity, and pity for the men exposed to the consequences—and with high admiration for the indomitable spirit of the brave commander—who seemed determined to hold his position to the last extremity. During the conflagration, which lasted some four or five hours Anderson continued to fire, though at more distant intervals, and always at Fort Moultrie. All of our men who were not engaged for the time at the guns and mortars, were intently looking on the scene at the fort. As no more firing on us was to be expected (there having been not a shot in all the day), and no danger of the display of heads drawing fire on them, the previous prohibition was practically withdrawn, and very many soldiers and officers, not only of our own command, but some from the distant posts, were looking out over the parapets or from the outside sand banks. Whenever a new outburst of the conflagration was seen, or an explosion, a shout would be made by all the spectators, which would be echoed by the men engaged in the batteries. So far, the flag staff and flag of the fort had remained unhurt, though, to our eyes, rising just out of dense smoke and flame. But in the latter and closing passage of the conflagration, the flag staff suddenly fell as if burnt at bottom, or cut off by cannon balls, and the flag was no longer to be seen. Then arose the loudest and longest shout of joy—as if this downfall of the flag, with its cause, was the representation of our victory. The accidental fall of the flag in itself was nothing, as it could be forthwith replaced, and was, after some fifteen

minutes by one on the parapet farthest from our position, and out of sight from it, though visible to other places, and especially plain to Fort Moultrie. As soon as the flag fell, all of our own batteries ceased firing, and in our three Morris Island batteries, the cessation was final. But after some length of time, when (as we afterwards learned) the substituted flag had been placed, and was seen by the more distant posts, from Fort Moultrie and the Mount Pleasant battery the fire was resumed slowly and returned by Anderson, during his then situation, by one discharge only, that was visible to us. His long delay of replacing his flag, and still longer delay as it appeared to our anxiety, induced our commander to send off an officer with a flag of truce, to repeat the demand for surrender. L. T. Wigfall, of Texas, acting aid to Gen. Beauregard was the bearer of the message. While the boat was nearing the fort, some of the discharges of shell from our distant batteries fell in rather dangerous proximity to our unseen flag of truce. Soon after the boat reached the fort, a flag of truce was raised there, together with the substituted U. S. flag, and all firing ceased. After an anxious delay on our side, the boat was seen returning, the white flag still floating on the fort. When approaching the beach, where numerous expectant spectators were waiting Col. Wigfall stood up and waved his hat, and gave three cheers, which were responded to by all on the shore. When he landed, and could be heard, he announced that Major Anderson had yielded unconditionally, and that it remained only to execute the formalities of capitulation. This was about 2 P. M. It was supposed by us that the honor of garrisoning the captured fort would be given to the Palmetto Guard, for more important reasons than the sufficient one that its men were all who were then at the nearest position. And expecting the order for occupation would be soon made, and no time for preparation we remained there for two hours before going to the camp for refreshment. Still the arrangements were dragging on, and to our great disappointment and disgust, remained unfinished, and with the U. S. flag still flying on the fort at night. About 5 P. M. a boat with a strong crew of

rowers brought an officer with a flag of truce from the fleet to the beach, and the officer in command saw and communicated at the Cumming's Point landing with our commander. He stated (another most transparent lie) that the squadron of war steamers, still anchored below in our sight, came to take away Major Anderson and his command—and proposed that they should be allowed still to do so. No consent was given of course, or intimated—but a final communication in answer was promised at 9 A. M. to-morrow. Now this is the meanest, basest, and most enormous lie, and useless deception attempted, by this lying administration, of all yet perpetrated. These ships are filled with troops, and certainly came with hostile intention—either to reinforce Anderson or to attack our forts, as previously indicated by everything including the communication made from Lincoln through Capt. Talbot, sent after these vessels had been started. They were off our port on the 11th. Before 1 P. M. on the 13th (perhaps by 12), when the bombardment was begun, four of these war steamers^d and a transport steamer were at their present anchorage below the bar, and only six miles distant from Fort Sumter and our channel batteries—and were seen by Major Anderson and signals exchanged. Then there was full time to aid and save him, if deemed possible—and there were great facilities in very high tides, and a very dark and stormy night. They neither attempted to aid him nor to communicate the now pretended business of peaceably removing the garrison. And now, after Anderson's brave and desperate defence had been closed, and his surrender compelled, two or three hours after they must have seen that he had surrendered, this ridiculous tale is sought to be put off for the truth.

April 14th, Sunday.—A clear and warm day. The Palmetto Guard were complimented with being among the detachments (and the only entire company ordered) to take possession of Fort Sumter as soon as it should be vacated by the U. S. troops. We paraded at 10, and on motion of Capt. Cuthbert I was chosen to carry the company flag—which I did. We embarked on board a steamer at 11, and dropped anchor at some 150 yards from

Fort Sumter. The "Isabel" steamer lay near, which was to take away the garrison. Though the surrender had been unconditional, the most honorable terms and every courtesy and indulgence had been awarded to the brave commander, as he well deserved. The fixing for and the final removal occupied several hours. But the time of waiting was not tedious being occupied by viewing the scene before us, and in animated conversation on the recent occurrences. We now first heard from all the remote batteries, and learned that they, like ours, had not had a man killed or wounded. It was more remarkable that the garrison had been almost equally exempt, there having been only a few slight wounds from flying splinters or fragments. The neighboring water was covered with vessels of every description from large steamers to small row-boats, filled with anxious spectators, who were content to look on for hours, though not to be permitted, even after the surrender, to enter the fort or to land on its narrow margin outside of the walls. It was between 2 and 3 P. M. when the preparations for leaving had been completed, and Major Anderson proceeded to the last service, to fire a salute to his flag, before pulling it down. The cannon on the ramparts were discharged for this purpose, and I learned thereby that eleven pieces of artillery in that upper range were still ready for service by as many separate guns being discharged. There were fifty discharges. When some forty-seven had been made, an additional explosion was heard on the southeast side, which was opposite to the place of our vessel. It was sometime before we heard the sad cause, by a boat coming for surgical aid. Some cannon cartridges which had been left when the rampart guns were abandoned, had subsequently been covered and concealed by the fallen rubbish. In firing the cannon near, a spark had exploded the gunpowder and severely injured six of the U. S. soldiers. This disaster delayed the evacuation for two hours more while the wounded men could receive necessary attention. One soon died, and was immediately buried in the area by order of General Beauregard (who, with sundry other dignitaries, was then in the fort), with the honors of war. Two others seemed to be dying.

Three others were dangerously hurt, but two of these were put on board the "Isabel." The others not too far gone, were afterwards sent to the hospital at Charleston. After 4 P. M. the last of the previous garrison had left, and our troops entered the fort—the steamer having sometime before drawn close. It was not until the evacuation was complete that the Confederate States flag and the Palmetto flag were hoisted simultaneously on temporary and low flag staffs. Our company then was permitted to enter the fort. A detachment of regulars from Fort Moultrie had just preceded us. We found there the Governor and all the high authorities then in Charleston. We were immediately discharged, for the time, and hastened to look over and around the fort. The walls outside were thickly sprinkled with marks of cannon balls, which had not penetrated more than from six to eighteen inches, and had nowhere made a breach. Three-fourths of the numerous chimneys of the barracks were knocked down or much shattered and weakened. Four of the cannon on the rampart (about the angle next to the Point battery) had been dismounted and disabled. One of these was the 10-inch Columbiad the only piece suited to throw shells. I presume that these guns had been either dismounted early in the cannonade, or the ramparts rendered altogether too dangerous for the guns to be served there. We did not go into the gun casemates (lower tier), and therefore I did not then learn whether these also had been disabled (as they did not so appear from outside the port-holes), or whether these places also had been made too dangerous by the fire from our two batteries. But around each of the three adjacent port-holes, at the flattened south angle (or *pancoupe*), which only had been open, and from which all the balls were thrown towards the Morris Island side (after the early cessation of firing from the parapet), there were marks of several different balls which struck so close to the edge of the port-holes that they must have gone into them. The fire had been more destructive to the walls of the buildings than the shot and shells. And the fire was still going on, finding fuel in the timbers covered by fallen brick and smaller rubbish. A fire engine was then

vigorously worked, but was not enough to prevent the fire increasing, so that more firemen and another engine were sent for after dark to Charleston. It was said that the fire was then within ten feet or less of the smaller of the two permanent magazines, both having quantities of gunpowder, and which could not then be removed or rendered harmless by being wetted. These were not the only dangers of this kind. Broken cartridges and loose powder were seen scattered about. Also as Major Anderson notified one of our officers, the platform or only landing place, in front of the sally-port, on south side, was mined and filled with gunpowder and other combustibles, ready to be exploded if a storming force had landed. Further, many loaded shells had been buried under the closely laid pavement of very thick and broad stone under the outer side of the wall on the south side (that of the sally-port), with strings attached to the friction fuses, which strings could be pulled by persons within the fort and made to explode beneath the feet of assailants aiming to enter by storming the fort. All these things rendered the first occupancy of the fort hazardous. Our captain informed us that, by order of the General, but one-half of our company would remain, and the other half be sent back to Morris Island. All my baggage and the provisions of our mess (but two of us being then in the fort) had been left on the beach, waiting for conveyance. Under these circumstances I requested leave to be of the half to return, which was readily granted. It was some time after dark that I went out for this purpose, and on board a steamer lying along side the fort, that I might sit down and rest until the remainder of the detachment entered. I had designed to secure my bedding and baggage, and with them to go in the same steamers to Charleston. But I had scarcely got on the upper deck before the steamer set off, and my return was cut off before I learned that I was in the wrong steamer, and that this was going to Charleston for fire engines and firemen. It made but little difference, except for the exposure and risk of my goods on the beach. I went to the Charleston Hotel, and there got a late supper, which was the first food since my breakfast.

As soon as I entered the hall, which as usual at night was crowded, I was surrounded by those who saw me, strangers as well as previous acquaintances, and was beset with inquiries, and kept occupied in giving the required information of the siege and surrender until after 11, when I went to bed.

April 15th. After breakfast I went out to obtain and see newspapers, and to get up with the news, having learned very little of matters abroad since I left the city. Some several late comers from Petersburg and the neighboring country, and among them Roger A. Pryor, who came lately and has taken service as aid to the Governor. My greeting of him was much more cordial than any previous, since our differences some years ago. However unfaithful he then was to the defence of the South and opposed to secession, he is now fully embarked in the cause. Therefore I am willing to forget former differences and their causes, and to receive him as an able and efficient auxiliary. After 10 A. M. I again left in the regular steamer for Morris Island. There I found my luggage and returned with it to Fort Sumter, where I expected to find my company, and after spending the day there, to again go to Charleston at night. None of the company, as I now learned, had returned last night to Morris Island. When the steamer went to the fort, after leaving the island, I found that the Palmetto Guard had already gone there by another steamer, and without my seeing them on the passage. There was no way to get to them, and indeed it was unimportant, being now past noon. So I had to remain on the steamer—having no pass to enter the fort, or reason for it when my company had left—until the business for the vessel was done. I reached the hotel but a little before sunset. When we first passed by the fort this forenoon the fire engines were still at work, and as heard the covered fire not extinguished. But the engines were doing also the service of putting water to the gunpowder in the mine. Heard that more than 100 kegs of powder from one of the magazines had been thrown out into the water as the readiest mode of removing the danger of their possible explosion. Since my first coming into South Carolina in last November, I have

been received and treated by all persons with whom I have come in contact with great kindness and attention, as if I was really a public benefactor of rare merit. From entire strangers, and in many cases persons of humble position as well as the higher classes, in numerous cases I have received manifestations of great respect and high appreciation. But since the beginning of my recent military service, and still more since the surrender of Fort Sumter, the evidences of general popular favor and expressions of individual consideration and applause have increased ten-fold, and make me ashamed of such great distinction. The Governor of North Carolina has ordered bodies of volunteer militia to occupy the U. S. forts and arsenal in that State. This is a strong indication of the progress of public sentiment there in changes favorable to secession. Reports of great excitement in Richmond, and great changes in the State, especially hastened by the conflict of Fort Sumter, and Lincoln's recent proclamation calling on the States for 75,000 volunteers to subdue the South. Of these, portions are required from Virginia, and all other Southern States not yet seceded. A telegram sent to me and R. A. Pryor this afternoon from Richmond, 15th, from Thomas Branch (*Union* member of the Convention from Petersburg, but lately *instructed* by his changed constituents to vote for secession,) says that "an ordinance of secession will pass (the Convention) in sixty hours." This change in so vile a submission body is too great to be credible. From the injury caused to my hearing (and permanently in my left ear) last summer at Fortress Monroe by standing near to heavy cannon when they were fired, I feared like results here, and took some pains at first to avoid them. But I have suffered considerably. My hearing, so far, is very much impaired, and when amidst various noises, on different sides, as in a crowd where many are talking at once, I can scarcely distinguish the words spoken to me even within two feet of my right ear, which is still the best. As to the left ear, I believe it would be better for my distinguishing words spoken to me. if it was entirely deaf. For through it I hear the mere noise of sounds perhaps as loudly as before, but with such reverberation and ringing, that nothing is distinguishable, and the

sounds seen to confuse and overpower what I might better hear by the right ear alone.—A letter from Mildred.—The indulgence of our authorities to the enemy, or neglect of all proper safeguards to prevent dangerous communication, has been remarkable and inexcusable. Not only were all mail communications allowed to Major Anderson and all of his garrison, throughout their occupancy of Fort Sumter, to two days before the bombardment, but spies and secret messengers were allowed repeatedly to visit the fort, or to leave it for Washington and then return. Indeed there was no refusal, in some four or more cases, until the last attempt of Talbot, returning from Washington. But the worst case occurred yesterday, and which seems to have been known or noticed by very few. I heard it early to-day, with astonishment, but have been more particularly informed by Pryor, who came late into my room and conversed with me on this and kindred subjects. He is acting as Aid de Camp to the Governor, and as such, went down to the U. S. squadron early on the morning of the 14th, in one of our government steamers, commanded by Capt. Hartstein, to arrange sending and receiving of the garrison. When returning, Com. Gillis, the commander of this hostile squadron, which certainly came to attack our batteries, and from which we have still every reason (except the remarkable, omission heretofore,) to suppose they still threaten such attack—asked and obtained leave of Capt. Hartstein to come up in his company to Fort Sumter, and to return with Major Anderson. He did so, without even the formality and notification to the public of having a flag of truce. He came up the harbor between and in full view of all our defences, freely using the great facilities afforded of looking over the whole adjacent and exposed country, and asking questions and having them answered in most cases, as if he had been a friendly visitor. He entered the fort by 9 A. M., remained there, and in the “Isabel” at anchor close by, until the final evacuation, after 4 P. M., and then returned in the “Isabel,” still more free to view with a good glass all the defences and the back country. A military or naval commander could scarcely have devised a better or more full general reconnaissance of the country and defensive fortifications and

camps, which he designed to attack by surprise, by either or both land and water. Major Ripley, the commandant of Fort Moultrie, was at Fort Sumter on the evening after the surrender. He told me that the buildings there were very much damaged by Anderson's shot. The earth-works were scarcely injured in the least—which is in evidence of their great superiority for defence. Gov. Pickens was among the visitors to Fort Sumter immediately after the surrender. The only lady there, Mrs. Bonnetthieu, of Charleston, requested to be introduced to me, which required that I should forthwith go to her for the purpose of being introduced. Gov. Pickens was standing close by her, and so I was necessarily also introduced to him, which I would have preferred to escape. He received and accosted me very politely, regretting that he had not been able to see me much earlier, and repeated the invitation for me to call and visit him. He had previously, some time back, sent to me the like invitation in two special messages, once by one of his aids, and again by Capt. Ferguson. On each occasion I politely returned my thanks, but did not promise to accept the invitation, nor did I intend to do so. The Governor's polite attention came too late. When I first came to Charleston, I deemed it proper to call on the Governor at his office, and sent in my card. He was then engaged in business and excused himself—which I deemed entirely right. Afterwards, when he heard from Dr. Backman that I was about to set out for Tallahassee, he sent a message to request me to report to him by telegraph the earliest news of the secession of Florida. This I did, at a cost to myself of nearly \$3, but I have never heard whether he received the telegram, as it has never been acknowledged. When I returned to Charleston, he had moved to this hotel. In consequence of his message and request to me, I thought it proper again to send my card to his parlor. He was not in, and I never heard anything from him until the messages of invitation sent to me some six or seven weeks afterwards. Now I certainly did not expect a Governor to return my intended visit, or even to send his card. His engrossing public business, and the great number of such calls on him, would both, putting aside his dignity, render his returning any visits or calls of ceremony extremely inconvenient, if not impossible. But I at least

expected, and waited for, some early acknowledgment of my attempted visit, and a verbal and general invitation for me to repeat it. As it was not so done, early, I will not accept any so long deferred civilities, if I can manage to evade them without rudeness and obvious design to refuse.

April 16th.—Pryor is going to Montgomery, and by him I sent to President Davis a fragment of one of our bursted bombshells, which fell within Fort Sumter. The U. S. squadron which had been anchored in the outer harbor since the 12th inst., this morning had disappeared, and a vessel which came in from sea later, reported seeing some of the steamers going northward. If they have returned, it is indeed a most pitiful and disgraceful affair. The squadron certainly was sent to reinforce Anderson, and by force. It was well provided and prepared in equipments, both for forcing a passage by water, or for landing the troops in the night, and attacking our batteries in the rear, which were entirely unprotected by cannon. Besides the 2,000 or 2,500 land troops reported to be on board, there were numerous boats, with all the oars muffled, as if for landing troops for an attack in the night and by surprise. And the squadron was in place, within six miles and in full view of Fort Sumter twenty-six hours.

It ceased its gallant defence, and when it would have been a most efficient auxiliary to an invading force. The refusal to aid Anderson, and the subsequent retreat without attempting anything, seem to make a most contemptible admission of either weakness or timidity. Two later telegrams from Richmond indicate so great increase of the secession feeling, that an act of secession is now counted upon by this Convention. Governor Wise reports that there was to-day a majority of the Convention ready to vote for secession, but it was deemed politic not to press for the vote to-day, because a larger majority may be expected soon. Good news also from North Carolina. Governor Ellis has ordered the occupation of Forts Macon and Caswell by volunteers, which was done yesterday, and the arsenal at Fayetteville, which is guarded by sixty U. S. soldiers, was to be summoned to-day. But there are no cannon or ammunition in these forts, and they were written for here, and will be supplied by Governor Pickens. In the recent great crisis of the political condition of South Carolina,

when the most able citizens were needed to direct the State, and when there were ready for the service of the State so many citizens of high talent and ability (as was shown in a large proportion of the members of the Convention), it was very strange that at the very time the legislature should have elected as the chief magistrate so ordinary a man as Pickens, whose claims on the scores of talent, patriotic services to the State, or fitness for the then great occasion, were inferior to hundreds of other citizens. He was, when in Congress, more distinguished as an inflated bag of wind than for high talent or services. In addition, he has become intemperate, and I have heard is more or less elevated with his drinking almost every afternoon. This, however, was not his condition at the only time of my meeting him, at Fort Sumter.

April 17th.—The annexed extracts from the *N. Y. Tribune* and other papers of that stamp, just seen, will confirm and extend what previously we could only guess at, in regard to the strength and the objects of the naval force lately off the harbor, and which left, and went to the northward on Monday evening. The strength, especially in land forces, was greater than we supposed. If an attempt had been made on the day or the night of the 12th to force the steamers by our batteries, and also to land the troops to attack our rear, while Fort Sumter would be engaging Fort Moultrie, it might have been an ugly business for our brave yet raw soldiers. But was then declined, when high tides, rainstorm and darkness and Anderson's fighting, all favored the attempt, it was hardly to be expected after the surrender of the fort. Still, we did not expect the fleet to flee so soon, without attempting anything.

ADDENDA (a)—Note, page 84.—The Palmetto Guard is composed of very select members—no one being admitted who is not perfectly respectable. Among the privates now in service is Henry Buist, the chairman of the Charleston delegation in the last legislature, and who was the member who moved the call of the Convention to take the State out of the United States. He was Paymaster General of the State militia, which position he resigned to take his place in service as a private of the Palmetto Guard. It is a rifle company. But when called into service here

some three months back, was put to serve as artillery in the batteries. So that the company is not only, like all the others of raw citizen soldiers, but has not even the use of its previous and exclusive training as riflemen, but put to a service in which it had no experience whatever. Capt. Cuthbert is an excellent officer, and had charge of the Iron battery, he and his gunners pointing all the guns of that battery. At the Point Battery, Lieut. Armstrong, of the Military Academy, directed the firing of the three mortars, and Lieut. Brownfield the two 42-pound cannon. Capt. Thomas, of Military Academy, not in regular command here, had the particular charge of the rifle cannon. Major Stevens, commander of the Military Academy (and who pointed the cannon which fired on the "Star of the West"), had the general superintendence and direction of the firing of both the Iron and Point batteries and also the next adjacent Trapier mortar battery, which was one of two batteries manned by the Marion Artillery. The other was the Howitzer battery, close by, but bearing only on the channel.

ADDENDA (b)—By order of Gen. Beauregard, made known the afternoon of the 11th, the attack was to be commenced by the first shot at the fort being fired by the Palmetto Guard, and from the Iron Battery. In accepting and acting upon this highly appreciated compliment, that company had made me its instrument. And just before 8 P. M., the first appointed and expected time, all was ready for the discharge of the Columbiad, and I was holding the lanyard, to pull it as soon as the appointed signal shell should be thrown from Fort Johnson and the command to fire should begin by Capt. Cuthbert. Then the order for postponement was received, and our company was marched to the camp for the night.

ADDENDA (c)—Page 86.—There were more balls fired than I supposed at the Trapier Mortar Battery, and also into our camp of tents in the rear (where the Palmetto and Marion Guards' tents were and completely open to the enemy's shot as well as shells. Some twelve or fifteen shells were thus aimed, and several struck the ground and passed close by the encampment. I saw from our battery, some eight or ten men (who were idle spec-

tators of the scene from distant posts) running at their utmost speed in the direction from the fort. If judging merely from what appeared to my eyes, I might have supposed that they were running from the balls thrown just then from Fort Sumter. But the fact of the case was that they were running after spent balls, to secure them as memorials or trophies. This hunt was eagerly pursued by the men throughout the siege, whenever a ball from the fort stopped near enough to be noticed and recovered. Four of the balls, at least thus thrown near our camp, as I learned from Capt. Gadsden King, the commander of the Marion Guard, and of the Trapier and Howitzer batteries, were fired at individuals who were exposed, singly or in groups. Two of these balls, in succession, were fired at Capt. King while he was exposed in fixing the halyard of his flag, which had got out of order. It was understood afterwards that Capt. Doubleday, a Yankee abolitionist, directed all these shot at exposed individuals, and that it was contrary to Anderson's order. More than one (three as believed) of the early discharges from Fort Sumter, in this direction were of shells. Of these, one exploded much too soon in its career, and another did not explode at all, and was dug out of the sand bank into which it fell. Of course these shells must have been thrown from the Columbiad in the fort, which was on the angle of the parapet nearest to these of our batteries, and which must have been soon after dismounted. Though in advance of the narrative, I will here state that Capt. King from the Trapier battery threw 170 shells, very many of which he thinks were well directed, and exploded over or within the fort.

ADDENDA (*d*)—Page 91.—I had been incredulous as to any naval force coming, or attempting to attack the batteries, until this day—when, the war steamers having arrived, and being within six miles of Fort Sumter, Anderson then making a brave defence, and making signals of distress, I concurred in the general opinion, that either in the day, or certainly in the following night, there would be an attack, by water or land, or both. But no attempt was made—or not heard of, if made.

Nearly all our men of the engaged companies remained all

night in their respective batteries, even the portions not required for duty at the time. To each or most of the batteries there was attached a close apartment, deeply covered, even the strong timber roof, with sand, and secured and protected against both balls and shells. In these it was designed that the men off of duty should retire and remain for safety. But very few resorted to these places, and at no time, unless by any disposed to sleep. As I could render no service at night, and very little was done by any, I designed to get as much sleep as possible. For this purpose I went to our tent, and was the only lodger there for that night. Surgeon Marraw, who came in soon after me, advised me not to stay there, as the tent ground was entirely exposed to the firing from the fort, and was, as he had said truly, the most dangerous place in the whole island, if fired *upon*. But, as Anderson had not fired after sunset at all, and but little towards the tents earlier, I did not think it likely that he would, and so incurred the very small risk to obtain a better sleeping place. If firing among the tents had been begun, I and the others there would have taken our refuge under the shelter of the natural low bank of sand which stretches all along the shore. There was no firing from the fort during the whole night.

LETTER OF MR. RUFFIN.

*(Private.)*Morris Island, *April 10, 1861.**Capt. George Cuthbert, Commanding Palmetto Guard:*

Sir,—I offer myself as a member of your company, if my services will be acceptable on my conditions, and to such limitation as I will name. I come here merely for the present threatened danger, and if attack should be soon made, as now threatened, to give any aid I can in the defence (or other military operations). But should the attack be made below, or where musketry can act, I would claim the privilege of joining the infantry force for the occasion. I offer to do all that I can, and to be as much under command as any regularly enrolled private volunteer in your company during actual hostilities, and will be glad also to perform as much of guard, drill, or camp duty as may be requisite and I am fit for. But I am too feeble and infirm to undertake all the hardships of a soldier's duty, and therefore except to other than such

as named above. Further, when the present occasion has ceased, and no imminent danger or expectations of any early attack remain, I expect to be free to leave the service at my own choice. I put my offer in writing, that there may be no mistake.

Respectfully,

Edmund Ruffin.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

A sketch of Edmund Ruffin, the writer of the above quoted *Diary*, appears in *QUARTERLY*, XIV., 193. Noted as an agriculturist, he became even more noted in connection with Fort Sumter, as the man who fired the first shot of the great war between the two sections. In the *South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine*, Volume XII., No. 3, "The First Shot on Fort Sumter," by Dr. Robert Lebby, evidence is produced that the first shot was at the east end, from Fort Johnston, by Capt. George S. James, of South Carolina. Now the *Diary* above refers to this firing as the "signal" only for the battle, which was begun by the Palmetto Guard at the west end. It was certainly so regarded at the time and for many year later. See Doubleday's *Reminiscences of Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie*, 1875: How Mr. Ruffin came to be in South Carolina is explained in his *Diary*, *QUARTERLY*, XV., p. 215. When he found that Virginia would not secede, he exercised the right of expatriation, removed from that State and became "a citizen of the seceded Confederate States."

NOTES ON LARUE, HODGEN, KEITH, HARNED, IRWIN
AND RELATED FAMILIES.

Contributed by ARTHUR LESLIE KEITH, Ph. D., Northfield, Minn.

From Egle's *Notes and Queries*, Vol. III., series 3, page 123, John George Larue, native of Switzerland, came to America about 1740 and located in Lancaster county, Penn. He had Jonas, b. Aug. 4, 1709; George, d. Jan., 1770; Isaac d. prior to 1770, leaving a son Henry; Henry; Peter, d. prior to 1762.

Kercheval, *History of the Valley of Virginia*, mentions an Isaac Larue who moved from New Jersey in 1743 and settled in Long Marsh (between Bullskin and Berryville, in Frederick county). He left issue. The Virginia census of 1782-5 gives an Isaac Larue in Frederick county, and a Peter and Noah Lerew in Hampshire county.